

SACRIFICE

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We pine for love, and die
beggars
for want of it. Yet it comes to
you
unasked, though you need
it not.
Like a grave, you hoard it
under your
miserly stone, keeping it
from the
use of the yearning world.
Jaising,
what happiness do you find
from her ?
What can she speak to you ?
O my
heart, my famished heart!

(Enters RAGHUPATI.)

Raghupati

Who are you ?

Aparna

I am a beggar girl.
Where is
Jaising ?

Raghupati

Leave this place at once. I
know
you are haunting this temple,
to steal
Jaising's heart from the
Goddess*